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One of the first persons I talked with on Stone Hill was Franklin Justice, who proudly declared that he had worked forty-six years in the mill. As his wife, Mary, stated, "He loved the mill. That mill was his whole life!" Franklin was hard of hearing, but somehow when we sat down and started talking about the old times, he had no trouble understanding me.

When we first met, I took written notes—reproduced in part below in the first paragraphs—and did not record our conversation. When I returned to his home some time later, Franklin began by telling me about the earliest families he could remember living on the Hill. He himself grew up in the 2900 block of Keswick Road with several brothers, including George Justice, who married Pearl Ray of Bay Street.

Our conversation—recorded this time—was interrupted by a baseball playoff game on television. Franklin died in the summer of 1987 before I could talk with him further.

I was born at Sisson and 25th Streets on September 17, 1910. My father moved his store to Keswick Road when I was one year old. I was raised at 2917 Keswick.

I went down to the mill one morning and Mr. [Howard] White said, "You want a job?" I said Sure. He was the boss of the spinning room—a tall man with grey hair. He was in his seventies at the time. In them days, people wasn't making no money, and I went to help my mother and father. I only made $11.35 a week for fifty-four hours—until the NRA came along.

When Roosevelt come in, he cut it down to forty hours. We got paid thirteen dollars for it, but so much was taken out for social security. He said, "One day you'll live on it." But I didn't expect to see that day. Now I been living on it for fourteen years.

Now, I can tell you two people lived there [at 702 Bay Street]. The first one I remember is Jake Heckner. He used to fly racing pigeons there. When my brother was in the First World War, I was only ten years old, and Jake Heckner used to fly racing pigeons, and we went around there and watched pigeons come home. But since then, my brother-in-law's family lived in that house, Haywood Bailey.

On the other side . . . the first house [703 Bay Street] . . . that's where the Frenchman lived . . . When he came home from the First World War, he brought his wife with him. She was a French lady. And they raised children up in that house. But I never did know their names . . . The Breedings live there now . . .

The corner house [713 Bay] . . . that's where Roy Johnson's mother lived, the old Johnson family. Of course, there was a lot of Johnsons. There was Ev Johnson, Fred Johnson; they all lived on the Hill . . .
The next house [721 Bay], the Rays lived there. My sister-in-law's mother—used to call her Pansy Ray. Always had a whole yard full of pansies... My sister-in-law is named Pearl... They had a whole family: Pearl, John, George--Frank Ray...

Now, the next house, the Lubers lived there. I used to catch ball behind Norm Luber. Mr. Ridgely lived there—right there by the alley... [Next house:] Well, I can tell you about the hillbillies [that] lived there; but who was that lady [that] closed my dog up in there and called up the dog catchers?...

The old junk house out there [700 Puritan]. The old man what lived in there years ago, he died. I never did know his name, but he worked down at the mill in the cloth room. A little short man. But I will tell you in that house in 1895, that's where my brother was born.30 Ms. Cooley's daughter used to live in that house years ago, when I was a little boy... Just put "warehouse"; that's what it is. Fred Carnell used it for a warehouse for his groceries. That's what's in there now...

My cousin, years ago, used to live there [732 Puritan Street], named Robinson. But the other person lived in there [was] Mr. Cook's [cousin].31 The last house down on that same side [740 Puritan] there used to be a pair of steps going down there by the mill. Mr. Morriston used to live in that house when I was a kid. We used to go in the cellar and play...

We bought this house [710 Pacific Street] from Mr. Ray [Hood], and his mother-in-law lived in here... They lived here for years...

[712 Pacific:] The Redmans lived there. My mother was born next door there [in] 1876. Annie L. Justice. My grandmother lived next door, that's right. Her name was Redman. Her husband was George Redman. My Aunt Sue Craig lived in the next house [718 Pacific]. That was my grandmother's sister. Her name was a Butler...

Now, the next house [720 Pacific]... the Haines lived in that house... My uncle George Redman married Lilly Haines and she turned out to be a Redman... That's where Kelbaughs live...

Now, Buck Hicks... up there by you, when he first come up here, he lived over on Brick Hill; then he moved over on the Hill... Roy Gobble moved over where Buck Hicks is at [711 Field Street]; when he moved out, Buck Hicks moved in... Back in that corner house... by the field, well, Mac McKinley lived down in that house; Roy Gobbell lived in that house... Every time the mill fixed a house up, they moved to the one that was fixed up. That's the truth...

Buck Hicks is still up there, Buck Hicks and Horace McDonald. Those are the only two I think are still up there from down South... Is [Buck Hicks] gone? I seen him up at the bank a little less than a year [ago]. [Does] his wife still live up there?...

Well, Buck Hicks, I was up at the bank, I'll say less that a year [ago], he come in the bank, and he said, "Hi, Frankie." He always called me Frankie, because when he came up from down south, I had charge of the third shift, and he used to come upstairs and ask me questions. Horace McDonald, he worked downstairs in the twisting room. And I used to help him out. But I didn't know Buck Hicks was gone...

I done everything imaginable in that mill. Like I said, when I went in, I went in as a sweeper; then I learned doffing; then from doffing I learned section hand; I could do anything in there... I was sixteen years old when I went to work in the mill...

When you worked at nighttime... 6:00 at night to 6:00 in the morning, you worked right on through. That was down here at No. 3... I worked with a knitter. That's where Fred Beck—John Beck—and me worked... We didn't get no lunch;32 of course, we stopped and ate, but the machinery was kept on going...

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30 i.e. George Justice. See 721 Bay Street.
31 i.e. Adele Belt Laumann.
32 i.e. late night meal.
Sure I liked it. I always liked the mill. Did you ever hear me say I didn't want to go to work, Mary? You always had something to do.

When I first went to work in the mill, Howard White was the overseer, was boss. I'm just telling you the bosses and the section men. Mr. Cook was the second boss under Howard White.

Now I'm going to tell you the section men. On the upper end was Frank Grey. In the middle section was Bill Montgomery. The last section down was Vince Trippler.

Now we're going to come over to the spoolers.

The spoolers' section man was George Baseman. Jake Foreman was the section hand and the boss in the twisting room. And it was all on one floor in those days. See, you had a section spinning up here, a section of spinning here, a section of spinning here. Down in this alley you had the spoolers, and over on this side you had the twisting room.

Roland Martin lives around on Keswick Road right now. His mother was Jake Foreman's sister. I was raised up with all them kids around there. His father worked on the railroad. Everybody either worked in the mill or worked on the railroad.

I told you before about this home up here. Mr. Lang had them Airdale dogs. That's before any houses was built around. Florence Crittenton Home? That was the superintendent's home of Mt. Vernon Mill.

Remember I told you about them Airdales out in that big field? There wasn't no houses in the Cow Field or nothing. I call it the Cow Field. That's the front of your house. That used to be a big field right there. [The superintendents were] Mr. Lang... [then] Mr. Sims... [then] Mr. Johnson; then Mr. Holley. But you had big-shots worked down in the office--downtown in the city office. Only Mr. Lang and Mr. Sims is all I remember lived in [Crittenton].

I never said I wanted to stay home in my life. I even worked when I was sick. I only lost one day when my mother and father passed away, to go to the funeral. I worked down [at] the mill forty-six years. I went to work in 1926, and it shut down in June, 1972.

When I got hit by that automobile, I didn't work.

[As a sweeper] all I done was swept the alleys, put the waste up on the board with the screen bottom, and... You had to get the white waste, and the broom straws and the travellers out of the waste. That's why you had that screen.

The travellers would fall through the screen. [The traveller] is a little teeny thing you put on a ring. Your yarn goes through that traveller. And the guide on the spinning frame comes up and down like this. And your bobbin spins around and it fills that up just like a spool of cotton.

That's right, I never sat around. I went out as a sweeper; when the mill closed down, I could do anything in the spinning room.

[First promotion:] It was a job open, and I just--a man asked me if I wanted to try and see if I could do it... [It was] the second hand. Mr. Cook... I was watching them. You only had to take a bobbin off like that and put another one on. [But] there was something to it if you broke the ends and all down. You had to be careful. You had to pick up speed as you go along. I could doff a side off in four-and-a-half minutes. And that was 132 bobbins on a frame. That wasn't when I first learned, now.

They used to come in and have a stop watch, people from the office, and time you to see how much you'd done. I always put the same out; I never went too much over. You go over [the] top, they'd want you to do it every time. Long's you got production out, you was all right.

Doffer was a good job. It was hard at times. If you had eighteen spinning frames to doff, and they all started filling up, you have to hurry up and get them off. Doffing was a hard job, when you look at it.

It happened to me when I first learned to doff, and it happened to me when I was a section man--if... the gears don't get the teeth in right, and you shut it on, you cut the thread,
and PIT! It'll all come down. It's a lot of work getting it back up. About forty-five minutes. That's both sides.

When you break it down, you break both sides down. See, there's a roving, about as big as that pencil, but it's made out of cotton. And it goes through the spinning frame, through three rollers, a steel roller, and it comes out real fine. And you've got to take it down slow. If you bear the frames down too fast, you break them right off.

What was my pay as a doffer? After the NRA come in -- eight hours a day -- I got thirteen dollars a week. When Franklin D. Roosevelt got in, and he made the eight hours a day... if they worked you one hour over, they had to pay you time-and-a-half time. He made the CCC camp too, Franklin Roosevelt did. Eight hours a day, five days a week. That was forty hours. But that wasn't no money, thirteen dollars for forty hours!

When you were a doffer... you had so many frames to keep on. You doff them off, start them up, then you don't have to do nothing until it's time to start in again. But me, I always worked around and helped and learned things. The rest of them would go in the dressing room and sit down. Some of them are dead now -- Eddie Jeffrey and all of them. They only had men doffers, boy doffers. Before the mill shut down, they had women doffing.

Sure, they'd give you twenty-some frames to keep on, and you keep them on, you don't have to do anything more until you have to start in. You might have twenty minutes over, you might have a half-hour... I'd walk around to watch the other people do stuff and learned how to do it. In other words, I taught myself how to do it.

I've done everything down there. I've even put cylinders in a spinning frame. Put a bearing in, lie on my back, take my feet up and hold a cylinder up like that, and shake it in, and put the other bearing in. Then line and level it all up... And I wouldn't ask nobody to do anything I couldn't do myself. Now, right now, if the colored fellow, Mr. Green, and all were there, that worked for me, they would tell you.

When the Depression come on -- No. 3 mill down here -- I worked upstairs on the third floor... by myself... from 6:00 at night till 6:00 in the morning. She used to take our daughter, and walk her across that hill and go up on Chestnut Avenue, to a friend's house -- right, Mary? -- and I used to wave at you from the window. And I used to have to wheel the frames, doff them off, fill them up, fix them when they broke down. Of course, they had people working downstairs in the weaving room.

I tell you the truth, I never thought about Depression, because we always got along. You only had to pay ten cents a pound for pork them days. You know, the store that sold them for ten cents a pound is still in business up on 36th Street. In other words, a family owned that store -- went from one generation to the other. But you won't get nothing for ten cents no more. We used to go to movies for ten cents. You can't go to movies now for ten cents!

I don't know how [the Depression] affected people. I only looked out for myself. I would try to get a little bit higher. [We've been] sitting up here on a Sunday, her and I; the mill'd be running Sunday night, by the fireplace, and I've had a boss come up and take me down to fix the frames.

Hazel (Wolf) Montgomery

712

Hazel Montgomery lived in Stone Hill beginning in the 1920s and worked for many years in the mill. I remember seeing her sitting alone in a plain dress on the porch of 718.
When I first came to the Hill. By the time I interviewed her, she had moved to Baltimore County to live with her daughter and grandchildren. She steadfastly refused to be photographed, but she delighted in talking about her life experiences.

We moved on Stone Hill in 1927, October 12. My father [Albert Wolf] and I and my two sisters. I had one sister named Katherine, and one named Rhoda. And I had a brother, Mark. Rhoda and I are the only two that's living. I am the older.

Before we came to the Hill, we lived on 25th Street. My father was with Baltimore City Bureau of Water Supply. Before that, he worked for the Gas and Electric. And he did have something to do with laying the gas mains along where Robert Poole School is. Then it was a farm house there. And Robert Poole's father owned the Poole Foundry--machine shop. And he lived there, and his sister.

My brother and I used to carry [my father’s] lunch to him. And one day when we carried the lunch, they were getting ready to put dynamite down there to blow the rocks out. So they had put the dynamite down there as we got down there, and my father grabbed both of us by the arm and took us over there where the rec [recreation center] is built now, which wasn't there at that time. Then we heard the dynamite go off.

I was born on Hill Street. At age six, we moved over on the viaduct on... Huntingdon Avenue near 30th Street... or 31st... I started to school there...

My father and I... when we heard that the mill company was selling houses, we went over, and we looked at one on Pacific Street, one on Puritan Street, and one on Bay Street.

And when we come out of the one on Bay Street, Mr. Baseman, Herb Baseman--my father and him were friends. So my father said, "No, I don't think I'd like to live back here. I think I'll get on the front street," which was Pacific Street...

The people that lived in there [at 712 Pacific Street] had to move out. Now, they gave them first preference, when they sold the houses... the people that worked in the mill and lived there. But Ms. Hoffman, she moved.

Then after she moved, we had to wait because they had to fix the floors; they white-coated the walls... and they had gas lights, little pipes running all around to the lights. Then, after we moved in there, we... used coal oil lights, kerosene lights. And when we moved there, there was a Mr. Cooley in the back of us, and a Ms. Selby... Ms. Thompson lived in this one [702 Puritan Street] next to Cooleys... and Tory Belt lived in that one [700 Puritan] for a while. But she didn't live there very long before she moved... on Bay Street...

Victoria... married Leonard Belt, Ms. Cook's brother...

The work that the mill company done was... to make the houses presentable for people to live in. They fixed the houses up nice for you. Then they put tin roofs on all the houses, which they mainly had the wooden shingles. But you can see the wooden shingles, if you go in the attic... [The tin roofs] were on when we moved there...

And Mr. Cooley... told me about the pump. There was an eight-foot alley there between... 718 and 712 [Pacific Street]... And they had pipes filled with concrete at each end to keep the automobiles or anything from driving through... But the pump wasn't there, it was gone...

That was closed off after we lived there--between Mr. Hammond, that lived at 718, and [us]... And a concrete gutter went down the middle, and a little boy come down there on a wagon one day, and he fell off and hurt himself awful badly... I was working in the mill, and my father was working, so we weren't home... And Mr. Hammond said that he thought the best thing to do was to shut the alley off...
So they put wire and a board across ... each end. ... So that's why there's no alley there now. ... Of course, that stirred up a lot of little discontention, when you do something like that--you know what I mean?--amongst neighbors...

So then we lived there, and my father started doing work. The first thing he done was dig a cellar. He dug that from the kitchen through to the front porch ... I'm a little ahead of my story there. The first thing was the front porch went up ...

He was a very persevering person, and he loved the work. After doing all his day's working with the city in the daytime, he did that in the nighttime. And he always said, "When you buy something, you always have to fix it to suit yourself." And he said, "What's the use of living in a part of a house ... or one-third of a house? ... You might as well have a full house and call it a home." So, he done all this work. And it was just him and I at that time, because Katherine had gotten married, and Rhoda was married.

So, he dug the cellar, put the summer kitchen on there, and then built the garages. ... And took his dirt from the cellar and put it in the wall up for the garages ... And then he put his walks around ...

When he was twelve years old ... he worked in the Phoenix mill up there. And he went to grade school; he went to the second grade. And every time a certain subject would come up, he'd have to fix the fire ... because he didn't like that subject [and] he didn't want to stay there and do it ... So, the teacher'd say, "O.K., Albert, go ahead!"

And when he done something, he ordered the lumber as close as he possibly could. And I know he told me several times, he was one-sixteenth of an inch more than he needed--and he had a second-grade education ... in a country school ... He helped at home. His father was a minister, and ... they put all new windows in the church, the boys did ... I didn't know my grandfather Wolf ... he passed away ... Now, my grandmother, I did [know] ...

I knew my mother's parents. ... [They] was from Chester, Pennsylvania, and they moved to Phoenix. That's how my father and her met. ... Her sister Florence worked in the spinning room; her sister Loula, Louise, she worked in the weaving room. ... My mother's father came over here from Hamburg, Germany ...

My mother ... died in 1917 ... They were preparing for World War I at that time, and they had taken a lot of things from the hospital ... to use there. ... The doctor said while she was in there, she had two operations in one; it just pulled her down so that she inherited TB ...

She came home in May, 1916, and the second day of January, my grandmother's birthday, she passed away--1917 ... I was nine.

And then my father's mother came with us ... I was about thirteen when she had the first paralytic stroke ... Then they took me out of school--when I was fourteen. And I took care of the house ... I had passed from the seventh into the eighth, but I never got no eighth-grade education ...

[In the house were] Katherine, Rhoda, Mark, myself, was four, [plus] my father and my uncle. And of course we had Grandmother, but Grandmother would visit around. So I had all that to do ... Grandmother learned me how to cook, and I started taking care of the house ...

Mr. Dobbs [of 730 Puritan Street] ... was a city policeman. He rented one of my father's garages for a while. ... And then later on, they had an adopted daughter. ... They moved away because ... they had gotten a divorce--that's what we heard ... what you hear neighbors talking about. ... She was a nice person. So was he, very nice...

[Gilbert Cruel was Emma Benjamin's brother ... Mr. Benjamin was my assistant boss in the mill ... Mr. Cruel, he didn't live [at 704 Pacific Street] too much--too long. ... You're bringing memories back to me; some of them I'd forgotten ...
The Fitzpatricks, they lived next to my father. Now, they were there when we moved there. [Their daughter] Veronica she married... Ray Hood. And then she had one--Angela and Prika and John... I don't know where they are now...

Craig?... He lived there when we moved there [at] 718 [Pacific].... They were our neighbors on that side... And Mr. Craig also told us about the pump, and he also told us a lot of things on the Hill, and who lived here and who lived there. That's where we learned a lot of it...

George Redmond, he lived... next to me... When I lived at 718, he moved in there at 720. ...

Kate Orem lived [at] 720 [Pacific Street] before the Kelbaughs ever moved there; before the Redmonds moved there... All the Orens lived there... That was Kate Orem's father's house, there, I think... Her and Michael bought that house then, when she married Michael Gaynor... I remember them being there... I know Kate, and Ethel. Ethel worked in the mill...

I took [milk] from the Green Spring [Dairy]... I had Mr. Hoffman. I had Ms. Hoffman's son, that lived in our house at 712 [Pacific]. [He] delivered milk when my children were little... I haven't never saw him since I stopped taking milk but a couple times when he hollered at--waved at me--on 36th Street...

Gilbert Cune... He used to stand over [at] Ms. Fitzpatrick's. I got a few things when he served her... Maybe cantaloupe or potatoes, or whatever I might need from him... But Ms. Fitzpatrick used to get a lot from him, because he lived next to her... Then Ms. Fitzpatrick's daughter, Hollyfield, she moved in there... when she was first married...

Then there was a man used to come through there, that sharpened knives and fixed umbrellas... and he would go through there with a... machine on his back... I would hear him, and run to the door and look... I know he said, "Umbrellas, mending. Umbrellas fixed. Knives sharpened," and he would mention the knives and scissors and things that he would sharpen...

Then there used to be a lot of hucksters come through there. But a lot of them I didn't bother with... Most of my things, I went to market and got... I went to the Acme; I went to the A & P; and Heil's... I walked around to all them places. We didn't drive. We didn't--couldn't afford a car... [Father] built the two garages himself and rented them out... Mr. Dobbs had one... Then they were got empty...

Then when hurricane Hazel came up... Mr. Cooley's... grandson, he asked if he could put his'n in there, to keep from tearing the top off of it... So he had his'n in there just for that one night... His garages wouldn't take a great big car like it is today... They were more for these T-model Fords...

The city, I believe, owned part of the place where he got his concrete block... He was a very economical person. He found out who had this cheaper than the other one... and that's the one [that] got his business...

He was a wonderful father... He loved us children... He gave us chores to do... We weren't spoiled... On Sunday, he would always fix--get around the table... He had a vibrator there, which kids don't know too much about... You hold one [end] in your hand, and another one goes down in a basin of water... And he'd put fifty cents in a basin. And he'd tell us to go in there, and the first one to get the fifty cents can have it.

Well, you know, when you put electric, holding that thing--you go down and touch the water, you don't want to go no further! Little games he used to play with us like that.

And then he got these here mushroom crackers, that's so dry. And he'd give us each one one of them around the table. "Now," he said, "Chew it up, and the first one who chews it up--no water... You chew it up and swallow it... You get a quarter." He'd give us a quarter. You know how kids were back in those days. That was wonderful, because a quarter was big!
Well, when you chew those mushroom biscuits up, they get powdery... The saliva doesn't come up fast enough to moisten them, and you don't get them down. If you open your mouth and you cough or you sneeze, pooh! They fly out like powder.

Then maybe another Sunday he'd play games with us. He'd play checkers; he'd play dominoes; tiddley winks. And if you won a game, you always went to the store and got twenty-five cents worth of candy...

I was between seven and eight when [my mother] went in the hospital. And he had broken his ankle with the Gas Company. And he was on crutches. And he sat on the edge of the table and played jacks and ball with me...

And if he'd go down in the cellar, we kids was always right down there behind him—when he'd be working and making things. And he made the Christmas fence... to go around our Christmas tree...

And if he cracked his thumb or something when he was doing something... we'd fly up those steps because we felt we'd hurt him... And after a while we'd hear him down there banging some more, we'd feel as though it was all right, so we'd go back down again... He never run us... He never blamed us... Now, if we got to fighting or we got to doing anything we shouldn't, then he would, you know...

We always called him Pop. He really loved us. But don't do nothing bad. Don't lie. And don't say anything you shouldn't say... I can remember when I was nine years old, I lied. I can remember that beating. And his hands, digging ditches, was like leather. And he grabbed me by the arm and he just let me have it... And that was my last beating...

He didn't pull up our dress or nothing... And even my brother, he used to turn him over his knee. But my brother got so there toward the last, he wouldn't even bother to manage him, because he was something. And then... Mark was always out playing with the boys... He didn't live there with us on Stone Hill very long...

We were the type of people—we didn't get close to hardly no one... Mr. Cooley would holler across to me... say something funny to me to make me laugh, and I'd just laugh... and go on hanging up clothes... [There was] nobody that I was close to that I went in their house or set down and talk to them...

Most of the time, I worked, I went to church—I loved to go to church... Hampden United Methodist... Then I got in with some of the girls... Ada Burgess and I were friends. Ada lived on Wellington Street, but we knewed each other from small up... I'd go to Ada's house, and Ada'd come to my house on Sunday...

I didn't go back to work in the mill— I guess [until] I was about oh twenty-three... I had too much to do around [home]... When we first moved in... we sanded the walls—my father and I together... My brother worked, and the two sisters... were working over [at] Hooper's in the mill...

Then during the day I'd... paint the walls... And we sanded the floors—he put new floors upstairs... but in the middle room we left the large boards down and we just sanded them... And then he put a floor in the living room; we sanded that. And then I did the crack filling and the shellacking of the floors... Then after I got everything all done, and I had nothing more to do in the house to keep me busy, was when I went to work in the mill...

I was living on what is Miles Avenue now, but it was Bernard Street when I lived on it... I had to stop going to school. I was fourteen, and my grandma had two paralytic strokes... and she couldn't do the work any more... [My day] would begin at five in the morning, getting up into a cold house, because we had a coal—wood range, and my father making the fire, and I'd be setting the table for breakfast... [My father] woke my brother up, he'd wake me up, and he'd call his brother—that was my uncle... Charles A. Wolf...

They'd get dressed and get up. By that time I'd have breakfast. While they were eating breakfast, I'd get on the other side of the table, and I'd pack the lunches... Then when they
went out to work, I waited till seven; then I'd call my two sisters. They'd get up and get ready for school and eat their breakfast, and I'd eat my breakfast with them and my grandmother...

Then after [the sisters] got off—out to school, if it was Monday, I prepared the wash. You had to take a wash boiler, put it on this wood range and get it—the water hot. It was a hard job back in them days, I'll tell you. And I had a wash board, and tubs you had to fill and empty. And we had to wash the tub of white clothes and you put them in the boiler and you boiled them.

Then you wash your dark clothes. Then you had to empty that tub, and put your dark clothes to the side. And then... if your white clothes had boiled enough, you took them out, and filled... your first tub of rinse water. You put your—wash your white clothes over again; put them in the rinse water, and rinse them out. When you got them rinsed out, you had to... empty that tub and get some more rinse water.

And in them days, you had bluing you put in them. It helped to whiten the clothes... And then you started the dark clothes... And if I was going to have something like soup, or cabbage, or boiled supper, I had to get rid of that wash boiler on top of the stove and start my supper... And then I went on with the wash, and I'd have to stop in between... and go back and forth from the one to the other.

And... I don't care when I started... I always ended up [at] 4:30... I don't know how I ever done that. And then you had to wipe the floor up... Then it was time to set the table for supper. And then I'd peel my potatoes and put it into my pot of cabbage. And... around 5:00... we had supper. Then I did the dishes. Then I had the rest of the time to myself.

And I used to read the paper, and get books out and read them... I had a mathematics book... I tried to educate myself after I got out of school, because I liked school. And, I didn't want to be taken out. And I had spent four years in the fourth grade... for some reason... But when I got out of there, I went right straight on through... I was going into the low eighth [grade] when they took me out of school... I didn't have no eighth grade education at all...

Of course being a kid, I loved all that... As a kid, you don't know what you're doing until you get older. Then you start to saying UNH! when you sit down—you're tired. Back in them days, I never knew what it was to be tired... I was like my grandmother; she always said she was never tired...

Then we had a coal-oil stove. We'd use that sometimes in the summer—when it would get real hot... But my father wasn't too particular of us using that... Because one time, that did explode... Well, it exploded, and he... said, "Just get out of my way. Now get out of the way." And we got out of the way, and he just pushed it to the door—pulled it out a little bit right past the coal range—right out the door, and it tumbled down the steps. We had a long pair of steps to come up from the yard... Going down the steps, the air put the fire out...

[On Stone Hill:] I asked my father if he cared if I went to work. He says—looked a me, and he laughed, and he said, "No." "If she wants it, she wants it." He knew what it was all about, but me, I didn't... So, I made up my mind one day to go down to the mill and ask for a job... The first floor you go in was the weaving room at that time. So the first boss comes up to you is the boss of the weaving room, who was Harry Burns. And I asked him... And he said he'd look around and he'd try to let me know... I didn't hear from him, so down I went again. I asked him, and he said... "If I get anything... I'll send up for you."

Well, it went on and on and on... Pearl Hood had moved next door to me at 718, and we were out talking on a Saturday, and I had just been down there on a Thursday... Pearl lived a lot of places... She had a house full of children. She married Earl Hood... Well, at that time she wasn't living with Earl. See, they were—out.

And she told me that Irma was going down—that's her daughter, her oldest daughter. And she said, "Irma's going down and go to work Monday under Harry Burns." Well, that shocked me... And I just looked at her.
So, Monday, I was down there again. And I told him, I said, "I've been down here long--more times than Irma was." Of course, Pearl worked in the mill, and Harry Burns knew her personally. I said, "You're going to take Irma on, and you told me you didn't have anything." He said, "I'll give you a call by Thursday or Friday." And I didn't think he was going to give me a call...

And he did; he called me, and I went down. I guess I worked there... three or four months, and I was out again. So I felt pretty bad about it... Then he took me on.

Now, another thing I didn't tell you was this, that Harry Burns married Martha Orne. That was his first wife...

Then, Mr. Benjamin put me on drawing in the heddles for the looms. Whatever pattern was to be made on the cloth, that's what the heddles made. I used to watch the weavers a lot and see what they did, and try to learn tying in, but I couldn't learn that weaver's knot...

My uncle, Horace McCauley, was boss in the cloth room. I was out then for quite a while; I just stayed there and done the housework, done the cooking. And then, 1936 I think it was, my uncle said they were going to make laundry nets... and he needed somebody to help... And I inspected the laundry nets. Then I was from one thing to another... I was on the bars. You make balls of cord... I worked in the weaving room filling batteries. That's filling those automatic batteries on the side of the loom for the shuttle...

I got married in 1941. I went back down when my husband was--worked... as a machinist in the twisting room. I learned to run twisters. After I was married and we had a couple children, I worked second shift; my husband worked first. But I never run no looms...never done no weaving... Then it came down to a climax that they sent all this machinery down south. So then my husband, he retired, and I stayed there until I quit...

And we purchased a little confectionery store over in northeast Baltimore. And we were over there just two years, and we moved back on Pacific Street again. That was 1962. Then, while I was over there, I got a job at Rice's Bakery... And I retired at sixty-five. I didn't go a day over. I had enough... I knew what it was all about!...

When I was working, I took care of my home, and my father's home, and took care of my two children, and my husband, did all my work all myself. And him and I worked together. He... done everything outside; I done everything inside. That's what we had our agreement...

Then when my father passed away... in '56... I went over and I cleaned the house all up, and we had it fixed up. We rented it once... to a family that had moved up here from down south... The name was Posner... And they were in it, I guess, about a year and a half to two years, when they decided they were going back... That was 712 [Pacific Street]... Then we had to put it up for sale... Ms. Easton bought it...

Others that I worked with down... [at the mill]... Irma Hood, she worked there... I can't remember... I was such a stranger on Stone Hill, and they were more situated than I was... and I just felt like such a stranger amongst them...

The first time I ever worked...[at the mill] was when I went on the cob frame... They laid me right off, almost; it seemed like to me... And I was so put out about it, I was a little juberous [sic] about going back to even try... I use that to mean I was a little bit... hesitating...

I remember a Mr. Shehan. But that Mr. Shehan didn't come up here until they were coming up from down south--when a lot of them came up together... I went in the weaving room, and I think that's when I was under Mr. Shehan... Mr. Shehan and Ms. Shehan... both went back down south again...

I had a Mr. Kirby inbetween there, that came up here from down south, and he was a riot, boy!... Any way you want to take it... He tried to get next to some of the people up here... I never seen bosses to do the things that he done... He'd get next to the people, get to liking certain people, especially people who would run to him and tell tales... What they'd seen this one do, and what they'd seen that one do...
Well he became a wonderful friend of them. And on Sunday he would go to their house for dinner. And that was two of them down there. One was a mother and daughter, and then there was another one there. Well, they became very--well, like two peas in a pod. You had to be careful what you done.

And one time--I don't know what it was. It was something that somebody said that I said, or I'd done something. Boy, he grabbed me... and when he pulled me through the looms, the picker stick struck me here in the side... And I didn't know what in the world he was pulling me out there for. Just for a little old minor thing...

While I was married, I went back on the second shift... Then I had Mr. Hannah. And Mr. Hannah lived at 718 Puritan Street. Then's when I lost my father... because I remember calling him and telling him. And he told me to take it easy and stay out till I felt that I could come back...

Then I was under Mr. Beard... Him and his wife were very close friends to Belle Meads. And I had Mr. Beard down on the--they called that the hoot-owl shift... from 12:00 to 7:00 in the morning... Then I went over [to] Meadow mill... I remember the union having a walkout, and old Hazel Montgomery stayed on!

I went out, and my husband went out too. My husband says, "Look!" I said to him, "Look!" We both said "look" at the same time! I said, "These kids need shoes!" And I said, "I'm not going to stay out much longer." He said, "I'm going back Monday."...

I was over [at] Meadow [mill] then, I remember. So when I went back, Ole Bigham, she wanted to go back too. So she says, Roy'll take us in. That was Ole's husband. So he took us over, but he was worried to death that we were going to get our heads knocked off or something.

Well, when we got to that gate, to go in there, that great, big, long line they got just crept along slower than a turtle, slower than a turtle, till they got past Roy's car. We thought we was never going to get in there. And they looked in the car as we went by. I was in the back, and Ole was up front. They seen both of us.

So Roy finally got past the gate and shot in the gate and took us right up to the door. Roy says, "I'll worry... till you both get out of here tonight, because I'll be over here after you... And stay inside until you hear me or see me outside." I worked one week until they called it off--come over the radio that the strike was called off. I was called some of the nicest names... I wouldn't dare to repeat them names to you!... But... I was happy... I think that strike must have been around... '55...

[Accidents:] Well, the shuttles would fly out and hit people--and you'd watch out. So, Emma Smith got cut across the eye here, and they had to take her to the hospital... There was various ones got hit with the shuttle flying out. Why there at one time, shuttles was flying out right and left. You had to duck; I'm telling you, them things were terrible. See, they got that awful sharp point... Emma couldn't get out of the way... And they took her up on 36th Street to the doctor and he fixed it up for Emma, but, of course, it knocked a lot out of you; you become nervous and upset...

Down in the twisting room, my husband worked down there one night. He was overseer in the nighttime from 12 to 7. A girl was working the tube winders, and she got the end of her finger cut off... It fell in the bin, and they had to get it out... and rush her to the hospital...

Then one time, we were running the twisters, and the twisters have got--a hook comes around thisaway... And my wedding band got caught on one of the hooks--this way--just as the girl went to pull the lever, and I just went like this to her... and she stopped it, and she come running back, and I said the hook went right up under my wedding band... And I said, "If you would have kept it on, God knows what my arm would have been doing."... She said, "It would have broke."...
My first child was born on Pacific Street--718--May the 31st... 1942... That was... Katherine... And this one is Beverley. She was born 1946... [I had] just the two... I was working down [at] the mill when I had Beverley. I was down [at] the lower mill on twisters... For her birth I asked for thirty days... I worked the whole time [until the day of her birth]... I slipped and fell and all in there. George Dipper was my boss in there...

They had just scrubbed the floor, and we were cutting up... We were... saying silly things and laughing... And I said, "Oh, my goodness, my frame!" And I run back to... see how the twister was doing, and I slipped...

And George come running over, and he said, "My God, Hazel... You working down here like that!... I'm so afraid you're going to hurt yourself." I said, "Don't worry about me. I'm tough." So he said, "You are?" And I said, "Yeah." And I got up and went on down, and my frame was almost ready to be shut off. So you see, you don't want to let them run over... That was round about the fourth or fifth month that I fell...

The Reverend Carroll Kelbaugh

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Carroll and Mildred Kelbaugh have lived in Stone Hill only since World War II, but Carroll has spent most of his life in this area. Furthermore, fifty years ago he began as scoutmaster, and for a time was minister, at the Mt. Vernon Methodist Church, located at Chestnut Avenue and 33rd Street and attended by many Stone Hill families.

During the first of our two hours of conversation, I reviewed with Carroll the 1910 census for Stone Hill, after which he told about his own experiences growing up in the 3100 block of Keswick Road. Today he may often be seen with his cane taking long walks.

There was a man in Mt. Vernon Church by the name of Harry Crabson, and he came out of... one of the originating families [of the church]... and he is the one who said he was told that the building they used was the "washhouse" attached to the Big House, the superintendent's house...

[He was told this by] somebody in his family, who was one of those who marched up with the Sunday School when the new church was built... He contended that that middle house... was originally a wash house for the community, and that that's where the Sunday School moved when it came off of Brick Hill...

The first person that I knew that lived on Stone Hill was... Mr. Newcomer [who] lived in the Big House... The older Mr. Newcomer and his son Riley lived there, and a daughter Lottie... I visited in that home more than seventy years ago. And the next person to live there, to my knowledge, was Mr. Baker, because we grew up with his children, and we often would go there as teenagers for parties...

[Tylor F. May] is the man I bought [this house] from... [Michael] Gaynor [of 720 Pacific], his wife [Mary] was an Orem. Mr. Gaynor is the man that I was talking about that loved to do the concrete work...

They were like my adopted family, the Redman family. Ilene was about fourteen years younger than I. Her brother and I went to school together... That's how I came to buy the
house—because I knew the family, knew they wanted to sell it. . . This house was in the Orem family for generations, and when it went to the May, that was the first time in about three generations that it had really changed hands.

Ms. Ida Kramer, her mother and brother lived either on Puritan or Pacific. The older—Ms. Kramer—was a sister to Ms. Crue. And Ms. Crue . . . after her husband died, went over to live with her daughter Emma Benjamin at 2940 Keswick . . . I'm talking about Gilbert Crue's mother . . .

I know that I visited in their house, because I grew up with this Benjamin boy . . . As a matter of fact I was a pall bearer for Ms. Crue when she died. And she was a sister to the older—to the Ms. Kramer, and they lived here on the Hill . . . They were next door neighbors to the Shanes . . .

In the Field there was at one time Mt. Vernon cemetery . . . It was more than an Indian graveyard . . . When I was very small there still were evidences of the graves there. As a matter of fact, this George Redman, whom we were talking about, who was a brother to Annie and Martha and so forth, they had a child that may have been stillborn . . . that was buried there.

In my early childhood some of the graves were moved, and there were evidences of other graves . . . Keswick Road and their yards and alley, and then about half of the area behind Keswick Road over to Chestnut Avenue, running along Singer Avenue, that's where there was evidence of graves . . . I don't remember seeing headstones . . . When I was a kid there still were little cornerstones that marked lots, and they were sunken way down . . . And it was a cow field.

In my day cows grazed there . . . There and all around Mt. Vernon Church there were no houses. There was a high wooden fence that ran down Chestnut Avenue and around what they call Mill Road, I think, that comes around, where Crittenton Place is—-that was all fenced in—all the way down 33rd Street . . .

That was a cow field. And they used to bring cows from there over to the other hill that we called the Cow Field . . . The east side of Chestnut Avenue was lined with very large maple trees. And there were steps that went down from the Cow Field down to the mill . . .

Whatever graves were moved, had been moved much prior to the building of the houses on Tilden Drive . . . The Redman baby was never moved from there. . . That would have been a baby that was buried there, say, eighty-four or -five years ago . . .

I was very close to that family from the time I was six years old. And they had a son who was my age, and two daughters who were older. That would been Viola who . . . would now be seventy-eight or -nine, and Delila, who would now be eighty-one or -two, and this baby that was buried there was older than Delila . . .

They just said "Mt. Vernon Cemetery." . . . That could have meant Mt. Vernon Mill, or it could have meant Mt. Vernon Church. See, the church is named for the community. When I was a kid, they more referred to this community as Mt. Vernon rather than Hampden . . . Of course, I remember when the houses were built on the east side of Chestnut Avenue, from Singer Avenue down, and when Tilden Drive was built . . .

As kids, of course, we played in the Cow Field, and . . . we would lay out a ball diamond and then it would grow up in tall grass. And then we couldn't play there until sometime in the summer they would cut the grass. That was after they stopped using it to feed the cows. And I moved from [3108 Keswick Road] in about 1926 or 27—moved to another part of Keswick Road . . .

Holy Roller is just a colloquialism for Pentecostal. They gave them the name of Holy Rollers because . . . when people would get up to the altar, and they were converted, they
would go into some—cataclysmic experiences, and they would roll on the ground... They were called Holy Rollers in derision, really...

They were of the type that you see oftentimes on television now: these arm-waving, hand clapping, yelling, preachers... A lot of singing and testimonies and all kind of threatening sermons...

They would have... like "invites" or something that would go up and down the aisles, literally dragging people down front. And they would sing and swarm around these people up front, until finally they would just fall over and... roll around in the sawdust, and they would speak out in syllables that nobody else could comprehend. That was a sign that they had received the Holy Spirit and could speak in unknown tongues...

The first occasion [when I experienced this] was when we lived in the 3100 block of Keswick Road... See, you have to get it clear in your mind that this was like a side-show to people... Standing around the outside of the tent there would be hundreds of people who would go to just see this—what to us was a side show. And sometimes, people would heckle them...

As a matter of fact, this Redman girl... Viola, was one who was converted by a woman evangelist up there on the Cow Field in a tent service... From then on she was frequently in Mt. Vernon Church and followed the Pentecostals...

It was in a tent... that seated perhaps a couple hundred people, and perhaps half that many went simply to be spectators... At one time neighbors complained because the services—a lot of shouting and singing and so forth—would just go on until the late hours of the night...I tried to understand it... I went more out of curiosity. Of course, the early Methodists were somewhat related to that type of service...

There were from time to time groups of so-called gypsies who would come into the neighborhood—like old-time station wagons or very old-style automobiles—and prowl around the neighborhood, maybe go from door to door trying to sell things, things that they had made by hand...

When I lived in the 3500 block of Keswick Road... I was about fifteen then. And a group came and... I know they were there at least a day... They were the gypsies of the Carmen type, with the long dangling ear rings and their head tied in scarves, and the big skirts... I remember [their] coming to our back door, because it opened onto this field... I know my mother was frightened...

I don't recall any Indians or stories of Indians. I remember a neighborhood character by the name of Hen Sater... He had a mental problem. People referred to him as crazy. And he wore a uniform that was given to him by the policemen or the firemen... with badges and so forth... And when I was a tiny kid, we lived in a house that had a side yard and side porch, and I was out there on that porch, and he came up to me.

My mother had known him in the community. It didn't frighten her at all, but people in the neighborhood thought it was terrible that my mother allowed him to even come up to where I was.

But he was a very gentle person, unless people tormented him. And people did torment him. The kids would stone him and everything... He was a neighborhood character. He was quite old when I was just a little kid...

Between Remington and Hampden [there were stone battles]. There was a day when the Hampden kids didn't go through—cross this valley down here... where the train went through and Stony Run... There was a wooden bridge... And there also was a [trolley] car bridge... The viaduct... that went from 33rd Street over to Huntingdon... And they used to fight at that bridge too... Of course, it was very dangerous... There were ties that went across, but it was all open in between.

I walked across there a couple times... My mother's sister and brother-in-law moved over there to Remington Avenue... If I went over to visit them as a kid, I made sure there were none of the Remington gang around...
We also had relatives that lived down in the lower part of Huntingdon Avenue. And you wanted to be very careful when you went across the wooden bridge down here that there wasn't a stone battle in process... It used to be a very violent neighborhood...

Hampden used to have a lot of [smokehounds]. And this park over here, where the Boy Scout office is, was a popular hangout for smokehounds. Because, they mixed some kind of alcohol and water, and heated it, and it made a smoky kind of a substance, that they drank.

Or they would take the Sterno... that people had discarded... and they would melt that stuff and mix it with water. It made a smokey substance in a bottle, which they drank. It looked like smoke in a bottle. That's the reason they were called "smoke hounds."

You know the old saying, The woods were full of them. All over here. Also along the railroad tracks you could occasionally find them. Playing on the Hill, you would see them.

My recollection is, you would never see more than three or four of them together...

[Hobos and tramps:] You see, we were between two railroad tracks. And they would hang out along the Northern Central railroad tracks down here. And they would come up into the neighborhood...

I can remember very well the parsonage of the Mt. Vernon Church. There was a minister there by the name of Bocklin... He was there during the Depression years. And they helped a lot of people. They fed a lot of people. So he got a reputation of being... "an easy touch."

And the hobos used to come up from the railroad track. And they would always come and ask him for a hat. Then, of course, they would also want food or money. ...

He said he gave away more hats, and finally, he said to one hobo, "I will give you a good hat. I will give you some money or some food or whatever, if you will promise me that you will take the mark off of my house." And he promised him. And that was the end of his harassment by the hobos... Nobody knows what the mark was. Maybe it was just word of mouth. But that was the expression that Lon Bocklin used...

[Policemen:] The only one that I know... The kids called him "satchelback."... His back was... very rounded, and very stooped in his shoulders. For a policeman, it's unbelievable... "Pinchin' Bug?... That may well have been "Satchelback,"... "Pinchin' Bug," "Satchelback," and "Babycatcher"--I think they were all three the same person... Well, he was a very crude policeman. He was a foot patrolman...

There was a black woman who went around the neighborhood and did domestic work for people.... She was mentally retarded or mentally affected. And they called her Crazy Mary. She walked from the Black neighborhood... perhaps out North Avenue [way]...

I was just a little kid. And she did domestic work for my parents. She always hummed a tune as she walked along the street. And the story is that she had a small child or children. And the tiny child had been out playing in the snow. And she put the child on a chair in front of an oven... and went away and left it there... And the child... went to sleep and rolled into the oven and died. And from that time on, she would wander the streets.

Now, she could come, and she was very kind and gentle. Couldn't carry on a normal conversation. She just mumbled and hummed. And, of course, in that day and age a black person would have never kissed a white person, and a white person wouldn't have ever kissed a black person. But she would go outside on our porch, and our living room window opened onto the porch. And I would go to the window and kiss her goodbye...

The kids were derogatory, and they would torment her... just to have her get angry and wave her arms at them... Of course, it was very peculiar to see... a black person walking in Hampden. And walking along the streets with this monotonous humming that she did. And she did that all the time... Her name was Mary, but the kids would call her Nigger Mary...

And, of course, when I was a youngster, I can't remember white people in this neighborhood harassing black people to any great extent, I mean, who were just walking
through. In the years immediately close to when I was born, black people would not walk through Hampden.

Now, a black man who was a plasterer worked for my father. My father was a builder. And my father invited him to come to our house to eat dinner after work, and asked him to do some plastering in our home.

And when he found out where we lived, he said, No way would he come into Hampden, because when he was younger, he was on a huckster wagon, and came through Hampden and—he was with an older person—and [they] made them get off their wagon and walk, leading the horse. They wouldn't allow them to ride on the wagon on the streets through Hampden.

But my father said that wouldn't happen now. So he came with my father to our house to dinner, and, of course, was very much amazed that he could come into a white person's house and have dinner. And I know that there was a lot of antagonism toward black people. I guess I was maybe twelve or thirteen, [when] a black family actually moved in to the 3000 block of Keswick Road. But within forty-eight hours they were out.

They stoned the house; threatened to set it on fire and everything. They blocked off the street, because white people came from everywhere; just massed in front of that house. The police did escort them out. [The police] kept the crowd under control... kept them from breaking into the house or anything. [I was born] 1912... I would judge that that was 1922, '24...

Outdoor privies... 1922, '24, something like that, that's when you had to have flush toilets--when they put sewerage through the neighborhood. To the best of my knowledge, [the OEA men] were black men... They actually emptied the chambers under the privy houses, as we called them.

They used buckets to go down into the—and maybe shovels, I don't know. You have to remember, that was an operation you didn't stand around to watch! When the OEA men came around the neighborhood, that's when you closed all the windows, whether it was summer or not...

I remember the scissor grinder, who came around—he had like a push cart—the wheel was on it. He would grind scissors or sharpen your knives...

The umbrella man would come around singing the song "Umbrellas to mend! Umbrellas to mend!"... In this day and age, if something happens to an umbrella, you throw it away. But you didn't then. You saved it, and the umbrella man would come around and fix it.

There was the organ grinder, who came around the neighborhood with his monkey. He would turn this hand organ, and the monkey would do tricks on command, and take off his hat, and hold it out for pennies. That was a great thing to take a penny and put it in a monkey's hat. That was one of our side shows.

Of course, we had the milk man... the ice man... We had a bakery—a German man, who was mentally retarded. And he worked for Denstedt's bakery on Chestnut Avenue... His name was Heinz. And he pulled a huge wagon carrying bread. And he delivered bread all over the neighborhood.

You had a man by the name of McClary that went around the neighborhood selling medicines and patent medicines and shoe strings and all kinds of notions. His daughter was one of the Fairs... the parent of one—a Fair that lives over in the 2900 block of Keswick Road now...

There was... a man by the name of Henry Checket... He would come around... to see if you wanted to buy a chair or table or baby buggy—baby buggy, especially...

And, of course, the snow ball stands were the thing in that day and age, too... You didn't have to walk more than two or three blocks to find a snowball stand, where some youth, especially, would have a shaver, and they would shave snowballs.

You could buy one for two cents or three cents—a nickel, you got marshmallow on top, or something like that. And if you took your own glass, well you got more for your money, rather than have them put it in a cardboard container...
Dalton's store—that was the big grocery store... And on the other side of... Singer Avenue was another store... All I remember was they called it the "Dutchman's." And then of course the A & P store came, and that was in a number of different places...

Attie Shreve had [a store] right across the alley from Ms. Way... And then, of course, Carroll's store. That was out of the Carroll family who founded the neighborhood... He was a doctor who worked for the government. And, I think his job was mostly doing physical examinations and so forth for government employees...

They were members of Mt. Vernon Church. But Dr. Carroll, to my knowledge, never operated [it]... Mr. Baker, that lived in this Big House at one time, operated the store for Mr. Carroll... And then this Ms. Way, who had the store at the end of the 3000 block [of Keswick Road], she operated it, also. She sold her own store and went to work for Mr. Carroll. And, of course, along there, there was a shoe repair shop and a Chinese laundry...

Those buildings have all been torn down...

Mt. Vernon Church sponsored--the men's brotherhood sponsored--a baseball team. And they were in what they called the Sunday School league... Stone's Pleasure Club—they would play on Sunday, and the Sunday School league played on Saturday—so there were a number of people who played for both Stone's and for Mt. Vernon...

There was a Doc Thompson, who lived here on Stone Hill. He played for them. There was another man, who lived on Field Street. He was a boarder... And he played for Mt. Vernon's team... As a kid, I went to every game every Saturday...

I started [at Mt. Vernon Church]... about 1919, 1920... The kids in the neighborhood all went to Mt. Vernon, and they interested us in going with them to Sunday School. Mt. Vernon Church had a very large and active Sunday School... Mt. Vernon had been my mother's church, originally, and that of my grandparents, maternal grandparents... My Grandfather Kirby was a mail carrier--in that area, the Stone Hill area... when they made three deliveries a day...

My brothers and sisters, we all grew up in Mt. Vernon Church... We got to singing in youth choirs. And as I grew older, I taught in Sunday School, organized the Boy Scout troop there... fifty years ago this fall... I stayed with them for twenty-seven years, till I went into the full-time ministry...

A good many of those [Stone Hill] names... on that 1910 census... I remember them from Mt. Vernon Church... Sixty years ago it was a large congregation, a large Sunday School... We would say that on Palm Sunday or Easter, our goal for Sunday School would be, like, 333, and we would always... reach that... That included adults and children...

The people of Hampden, when I was a kid, they were church-going people. Maybe the men stayed home, but the kids went and the mothers went, and a good many of the fathers...

My father became friends with Raymond Cook and Alvin Thompson and maybe others that lived around here, because they all played in a band together. They first played in a mill band together.

As a little kid during the First World War, I remember going to band practice with my father... over on Union Avenue. There were a number of bands. There was Benjamin's band and Sprucebank's band and Arnold's band, and so forth. And these neighbors all played in these different bands...

When I was born, Dorothy's [(Cook) Walter] mother and father were not yet married. And she would come—Dorothy's mother, who was Dusly Belt—would come to visit, and would hold me, and say that she hoped that she and Raymond would get married and have children of their own—that she just worshipped children. And they were married, and had eight or nine, or more, children... So that's how I know Dorothy is younger than I...
I think of Stone Hill and this lower end of Keswick Road—they were substantial families—not rich people, nor were they poor people. They might have worked in the mill, and worked at a low wage. But they still were substantial families who educated their children.

And the lower end of Keswick Road, the first two or three blocks on Keswick Road—the men there were mostly railroaders... They were church-going, or, as people would say, God-fearing, substantial families. And unfortunately, it just isn’t like that—right on Keswick Road now... There are too many absentee landlords out there now.

**Nellie (Otten) Roberts**

Helen Bullock told me that during the 1930s her mother had taken in boarders and orphans, but since there was no record of their names, I never expected to locate any of them. Then Idabelle Price stated that she was in touch once more with a person she had known as a child, who had lived at Ms. Baker’s. It was Nellie (Otten) Roberts, whom I subsequently interviewed at her home in Cockeysville.

My father was from Pennsylvania, and my mother was from Virginia, and how they ever met up, don’t ask me... And my father used to have a second-hand store at the corner of 36th Street and Ash Street... When people died, he bought up their estate... He died in 1933...

My mother... died on April 22nd, 1934. I was three when my father died, four when my mother died. My oldest brother, John, was eighteen years old. And he kept all of us together until I turned eight, and that’s when the neighbors said that a young girl should not stay in a house with five boys, and I had to go into a foster home...

So then when I went into a foster home, it was my brother Corky, my brother Peetie, and my brother Wiggie... And I stayed in a foster home until I was thirteen, when my brother Johnny got married; then I went back with him... Johnny... and Jeff Elliott... would go around on a truck and get all the trash and stuff from different grocery stores, and they would tear cars apart, and that’s how they made their money.

Now, when I went in a foster home, Ms. Baker took in roomers and boarders, down there on Pacific Street... Ms. Baker’s husband was living when I first went there, but he died... Then there was Clayton—that was her son—Roland, there was Ada, there was Helen... and we had this big house that all the boarders stayed in that worked at the mill... I’d say [there were] fifteen [boarders]... I had a little tiny room all by myself... I was out in the back part of the house on the first floor...

Then she took in other children. And there was Eunice and... another girl... And her pick out of all of them was Eunice. Eunice could do nothing wrong. Poor me, I sure did... But she could never slap us, but she would take and pinch us, and I have scars where she would pinch...

The only one that I could play with was Idabelle [Stinefelt]... We had to walk all the way up to 55 School... and before I went to school, I had to do the dishes, and when I came in, we had this real long flight of steps, and I always had to wipe them down with hot water with that old English furniture polish in it to make them dark... Every day. If you didn’t, it was so dusty... Because from the mill, and the traffic and all, because we was right there on the road...
Ms. Reddington, Ms. Baer, Ms. Crow, Ms. Bush, and Ms. Coon [were my teachers]--

because we would get out in the hall and we would say, "The old crow saw the bear chase the

old coon around the old bush!" . . . and then take off!

[One teacher,] her mind went bad one day in school--I guess she was going through

change of life. And I had to sit in the front desk, because I couldn't see the blackboard . . .

And . . . she jumped from the floor to her desk to my desk, and then she went up into

the windowsill, and before she got to the windowsill, I was out of the room. I was gone.

And they took her out--they had to put a straight jacket on to take her out. And she was

only gone about six weeks, and they brought her back, and she was fine. I always made sure

I didn't sit that close to her desk [again], either . . .

Now there was Donald Leeceh . . . And one day he threw all his books down the sewer

hole. And the next day when we went back to school, my spelling book was gone . . . And he

had a spelling book. And I told . . . Ms. Crow . . . that Donald had my book. And she said,

"How do you know it's your book?" I said, "Because he threw his down the sewer hole . . .

You give me five minutes out on the playground, and I'll make him tell you it's mine."

So, we went out. And I shoved him flat on the ground, sat--straddled him, and got him

by his ears and beat his head on the ground, and he said it was my book . . . With five brothers

. . . you either take up for yourself, or else . . . I used to play touch football . . . until I tackled

my brother. Then he kicked my teeth loose . . .

Then we used to play Tin Can on the Rock . . . You take some rock, and you put a tin can

on it, and everybody gets back here. And they throw [another] can and try to knock the can

off . . . Then you're supposed to go and stand where your can is, and nobody else will claim it.

. . . [If you hit it] then your can goes up there, and you're the king for a while . . . See,

whoever's can was closest, then when you threw it the second time, you had a better chance of

knocking it off . . .

Red Line . . . You have to draw a line, and one team would be red and one team would be

blue, and you try to see which team could get across the line first . . . It's just like a race . . .

You made up what games you could, with what you had, because you didn't have no toys . . .

We made mud pies all the time. I think that's all we ever did do--or play paper dolls . . .

I would get a dollar a week allowance. And you could go to a movie for twelve cents.

So, we would go in the Ideal movie, and we'd get our potato chips and all from Murphy's.

And we'd go to one movie and come out, and go in the Arundel and get an ice cream sundae,

and then we'd go in the other movie, and when we came home we still had at least fifty cents

left . . .

Stoney's? [Bern Stone's:] Well, it was just a little, old dinky store in the front room of

his house, but you could go in the back way or the front way . . . We just went up through the

alley and went in the back way. And I think he sold anything and everything. He sold stamps,

candy . . .

He was quite a character. He would cheat you . . . When I went back home with my

change, Ms. Baker said, "You need--didn't bring the right change!" I'd go back to the store.

And he added it up; he said, "Oh yes, I owe you ten or fifteen cents." . . .

I lived here, and there was another Ms. Baker that lived between Idbelle and I . . . but

they were no relation to this Baker . . . They had a dog, and I used to tease him with teatowels--
you know, holding it down--the kind of game--jump up and get [the] teatowel. I was a little

imp! . . .

There was what we used to call the Cow Field. And it was just weeds, and it had one

little path like that. And [Idabelle] and I came home from the movies one night--and we was

always told not to go through the cow field at night, but to come around this way. But you

know how kids are.

We went through the Cow Field, and I was in front of Idabelle . . . And this drunk was

laying across the path. Well, it was almost dark, and we didn't see--and I stepped in the
middle of that man's back. And he goes, "Ungh!" And when he did that, me and Idabelle was gone. And I don't know which one got in the house first. I think both doors slammed at one time! I have no idea who it was.

Miller's used to live down there, and the Johnsons, and the Evenses. And there was June Evans. And I've always wanted to get in touch with June, but I never was able to find out where she went... And then there was [one family]... [The son] used to drink, even down in elementary school. And he'd come in and fight the teachers and everything... I was in the class with him when he had the fight with that teacher... He threw a book at the teacher, and the teacher hit him.

Eunice was one [foster child at Ms. Baker's]... and I think the other girl's name was Helen. But Helen's mother had committed suicide or something like that, and it just upset her so bad that they had to take her away. But Eunice was the pick of the place down there. She could do anything. And Ms. Baker, instead of calling her Eunice, used to call her You-nice. That isn't what we called her.

[Hobos would] come, and they'd knock on the door, and they'd want something to eat, and Ms. Baker would either have them rake up the yard, or do different things; then she'd give them a meal. But she would never allow them in the house... I was never allowed to talk to them... Sometimes we'd get two or three at a time... The hobos rode the rails, and the tramps walked.

I fell in [Jones Falls]... They had one of them ropes... with a big knot on it. And you set on it, and you swing out. I didn't swing out. I went down... I got wet. But when I got home I got hurt... [by] my grandmother!... I wasn't allowed to go nowhere near Jones Falls...

We used to take and go down to my grandmother's every Sunday. And we used to cut through and go by the old Noxema building. And right in the corner where the fence was, they had this big mulberry tree, and it had the best mulberries on that thing you could ever want to eat...

There at the Police Department, every Christmas they would have shows for the kids... We used to get maybe one or two toys, but nothing much. And our biggest treat at Christmas was either going up to the Police Department or down to the Fifth Regiment Armory...

They would have, like a circus show, and then you would always get this stocking... and in the toe was ten brand new pennies... Them ten pennies, I think, meant more than anything else... [Ms. Baker] always had a Christmas tree, and that was always in the front hall...

In 1944... that big snow we had... Well, we had to walk from Ms. Baker's up to the church at 37th and Roland, and I had on black patent leather shoes with little ankle socks and nothing else on my legs. And that snow got up to my waist...

I couldn't go down to my Grandmother's and get my Easter stuff. It was only Palm Sunday, but see, I would go down there on Palm Sunday and get my Easter stuff and take it home and have it for Easter. I had to miss my grandmother's... [Ms. Baker] had moved to Gilman Terrace... And I went up there with her... I was up there until I turned thirteen... I was the only foster child up there...

[Clayton Baker] did whip tricks. But he would take a rope, and he would twist that thing... He'd jump in and he'd jump out; he'd bring it up and down... And then there was Ada. And she could play that piano... really good. In fact, she used to give me piano lessons...
I'd get up [in the morning] . . . and we had oatmeal . . . every morning . . . And I used to set between my two brothers. And one morning I'd give this one my bowl of oatmeal. And the next morning I'd give this one my bowl of oatmeal. Because you couldn't get up from the table unless you ate it. And I can't eat oatmeal . . .

And then I'd have to do the dishes and get ready and go to school; come home for lunch. Go back to school. Come home in the afternoon. Wash down the steps. We had our dinner. And I did my homework and went to bed. . . And every Sunday you went to church, no matter what. In five years I missed two Sundays . . . [at] United Brethren. . .

Saturday you'd get up. You dusted everything in the house; wipe the steps down, and most of the time there wouldn't be any boarders there, because they would go home. . . Then they'd come back in Sunday evening. . . Now, where their home was, I have no idea . . .

On the weekends there was just nothing--very boring! . . On Sundays, of course, I'd go up to church, come back home, and then I would take and eat lunch, and then I'd go over to my grandmother's, and I had to be back by five-thirty, six o'clock . . .

They said I had to stay in a foster home till I was sixteen. But when I turned thirteen, this one Sunday, I just went over [to] visit my grandmother, and I told Grandmother, I said, "I'm not going back." And I stayed with Johnny. . . And then Monday, when he got off from work, we just went down and got my stuff, and that was it. . . I stayed with him till I was eighteen, when I got married . . . which was the mistake of my life . . .

I lived in Harrisonburg, Virginia. And we had a room and a boarding house. . . One of the boarders came in drunk and set the house on fire, and three boarders died, and two of my children. . . Him and I separated, and I came back here to Maryland . . . [I remarried in] '62. . . And then he passed away in '84 . . .

The best thing that happened to me [on Stone Hill]: when I left!

Ellsworth Jeffries

734

_When my wife and I first moved to Hampden, we often went to Falkenhain's (now Klock's) hardware store, where "Junior" Jeffries waited on us. Not for several years did I learn, quite by chance, that he had grown up in Stone Hill._

_I visited Junior in his apartment in East Baltimore, and he told me what he remembered about growing up on the Hill. At the time we spoke, he said he longed to return to Hampden, a longing that has subsequently been satisfied._

My father, he came from Phoenix [Maryland]. . . [My mother] come from Culpepper, Virginia . . . They got married, and they moved onto Stone Hill. . . My father worked at the mill. My mother did too, for a while. . . [I was born] May 19, 1922. . .

After he come to Baltimore City . . . [my father] went to work in the mills. . . He worked there . . . until the Depression. . . He got on that WPA program with Roosevelt . . . He was lucky to get there nearby working in Druid Hill Park. . . He put a lot of them fences all around the park . . . and made . . . about seven or eight dollars a week. . . [Then] he got a job with Sharp and Dolin. . .
Actually, it'd be--thems days there wasn't much to do other than listen to the radio... and go to bed early. But there wasn't much excitement... We had big drycell batteries [for the radio].... We didn't have electricity... [We had] gas, just gas lights...

I was born on 33rd Street... I guess I wasn't more than a couple years old [when] we moved to Stone Hill...

I did get in a little trouble one time, with the neighbors--people named Baldwin. I was throwing rocks at the kids, and I hit one on the head... That's about the worst I ever done... Now they shoot you, but them days they just threw rocks... Really, I never got in any trouble...

I never did play a lot with the kids. I was never too much of a mixer in, really... I done a lot of reading... I liked to play marbles... I was good in math... Really not much really did happen in school. I was one of the good students, that's all... I used to go to school so neat... Teachers... [told the others] to be neat and clean like I was...

In the ninth grade... the doctor thought it would be better if I'd give up school... I done what I could at home, learning from books... Then it wasn't too long after that... I went to work...

The first place was where I am today, but it was under a different name. It was Towson's then... He died, and his sons had it; both of them went into the service, and his wife... her and I was running it... She sold out... Then I went up to Benson's on 36th Street... I've been [back here] about nine years...

[I] definitely like [the business]. It's a little bit challenging... New things all the time being manufactured... [People ask] crazy questions... [They'd ask for] a bucket of steam and all that kind of stuff...

Our house didn't have a fireplace... Big coal trucks used to come down from Pennsylvania... They could back up pretty close... [They'd come back in Bay Street]. But we had a long, long yard... We had a big shed up at the end... And they'd bring the coal down and dump it in that shed... They'd jump on the truck and wheel it in a wheelbarrow and dump it in the shed...

We'd buy a cord of wood. A lot of times when they cut the trees in the park, you'd get the trees... Mr. Stinefelt, he'd bring a lot of railroad ties... [and] cut them up... He was a strong man... He was a real nice man... He kept more to himself. But he would do anything in the world for you. And he was a really good friend of ours...

He planted a nice garden in the back yard. His daughter... after he died, she kept a garden for a long while... They had a few flowers, but mostly vegetables... Bakers always had a nice looking yard... So did Meads... He had beautiful flower gardens...

Raymond Cook... [and I] were real close... I'd go up to his house a lot... I liked... to build model airplanes... He made some beautiful ones... We'd go out to the airport and fly them... Curtis Wright Airport... We'd go up there Sundays. Sometimes we'd ride all the way down to Dundalk--on the old streetcars. That was really our fun then--flying airplanes... I don't have them anymore... After church we'd come home, change clothes, and spend the whole day down there...

Phoebe... He'd always say when he saw me, "Are you getting married yet?" And I'd say No.--"Well, don't forget, I want to come to that wedding."--"Well, if I get married, you'll be the first one to come." He'd always kid me about that...

The Ku Klux Klan... We went up one night... up on top of the hill up there back of... the last street... They'd have a big tent. They had big crosses up there burning. They were prancing around, dancing around with their white sheets on... My father took me up there one night to see them... I was very young... All walking around with sheets on, chanting...
Probably the best [thing about the mill]--they really looked out for the mill workers. There was a place to live. And I think at times, they even--like a holiday season or something--they would even give people . . . food baskets. . . [But] some of the working conditions was bad. Like everything, them days . . . Mills wasn't the best place to work. But, of course, what other jobs were there? . . .

I really enjoy working where I am now. . . They treat me so good. . . at Christmas time. . . at birthday time. Well, all the year around, really . . .

**Idabelle (Stinefelt) Price**

736

I was in a bar on 36th Street in Hampden one day looking for a person from Stone Hill when the man next to me said his wife had grown up there—and that's how I heard about Idabelle Price.

I met with Idabelle twice at her current home in northeast Baltimore—the first time without a tape recorder. She told me about growing up at 736 Pacific Street, marrying, and raising her own three children there until 1982, when she moved out. She spoke longingly of the sounds and sights of Stone Hill: the cars on Old Falls Road, the trains on the Northern Central tracks, the familiar voices and faces of neighbors—she even missed the sound of motorcycles roaring up Chestnut Avenue! She had lived in Stone Hill for a long time.

Idabelle's father, Benjamin Summerfield Stinefelt, and his wife Naomi (Weichert) Stinefelt came to Stone Hill in 1930. With them they brought her two sons by a previous marriage, and their three-month old daughter, Idabelle.

[Mother would] just do odd jobs to help bring in a little bit of money . . . like house-cleaning. . . [Mrs. Dobbs] was sick, and her daughter worked, so Mom would go up and do spring house-cleaning, fall house-cleaning . . .

I can remember Helen [Baker's] wedding. . . She was married in the living room up there [at 732 Pacific Street]. . . She had a bunch of nieces around my age, so they—we were all her junior bridesmaids. Well, we didn't have money to go out and buy a gown, so my mother made me one. . . I was around ten or eleven. . . It was really a thrill. . .

They had the wedding and the reception right there at the house . . . in the living room in front of the fireplace. . . I was up there so much. . . When the nieces were there, when Ms. Baker's . . . grandchildren were there, [I'd] go and play with them, and be up there sometimes at mealtime and eat with them . . . when Clayton and Charlotte were there, [I'd] watch them twirl the rope and do their practice for their tricks they did. . .

Ada's daughter Joyce—we were right close. Joyce was always thin and pale, and she didn't want to eat. So she went to the same elementary school that I went to. So her mother . . . would have Nellie—that was one of the foster children—and me come up [at] lunchtime with Joyce, so Joyce would eat. She'd eat better, if she had somebody to eat with. . .
[Mother] made a lot of my clothes. She would make her own patterns. She'd see pictures of Shirley Temple, somewhere, well, she'd copy [it] and make me a dress something like that. One time she made my brothers' shirts.

There were some people that didn't like her... because--she--was for rights... When they fixed that back... of my house, and made it into the yard for Puritan Street... her and... the maintenance man down [at the mill]... they really got into it about that. Because she said it wasn't right their taking our alley away.

And she told my father--he signed for it--she told him he was going to be sorry one day... We had a pretty back yard. The stone walk was real even. But the water come in and washed so much of the dirt away, and it's nothing back there now.

Something like that she'd really get her high horse up about it. But ordinarily, as far as doing anything to help anybody that she could do, she was more than glad to go ahead and do it... All Ms. Baker would have to do was say she wanted something done, and Mom would drop--right--whatever she was doing and go ahead... Like, for my aunt--she lived over on Brick Hill... Florence Wilson--[if] she wanted something done... she'd send one of the kids over, and Mom would go over...

My mother home remedied with, like, onions and mustard plasters, Vix... She'd sit up many a time with people that had--their children had a bad cold... and do the Vix bit, and she'd take and fry onions and put them on the chest, cut up onions and put them all around the room--but they got better!

[The Watkinses] always had beautiful roses in the yard, and they always had cats. And I always liked animals... When she died, and the old man was there by himself... when I'd go around [to] the store, he'd take and stop me and we'd always have a conversation... about his cats, about his flowers, how much he missed his wife... Just a lonesome man; he was always nice to talk to you...

Charlie Henkel was a bachelor who lived with his two old-maid sisters [at 700 Puritan Street]. He used to visit down [at] the house a lot, and I would visit up there with my father. The place was spooky--a lot of big furniture. It wasn't lit up well. One of the sisters had eyes that sat far out of the head... They were real nice--gave you cookies. They gave me a plaster of paris night light they had made. At one time he worked down at the mill. He'd always remember my birthday--would come down and have a meal with us. And he lived there a long time after his sisters died, all by himself.

I think [my father] was born around the neighborhood. On the meadow... there used to be a boarding house up there, and that's where his mother lived, and that's where he was raised, mostly...

His father was killed up [on] Union Avenue... at the railroad track, when [my father] was a small boy... I guess his mother ran the boarding house to make ends meet. Then in later years she lived over on Huntington Avenue. That's where I was born...

[My mother] had been married before, and had two boys from her first marriage... Hartford was the oldest and the second was Marris. One of them was thirteen years older than me and the other one was ten years older... It was almost like being an only child... I was little sister--a pain in the neck...

[Hartford] was big for his age, and his feet were large, so his shoes wore out, and they went to Welfare to try to get him a pair of shoes, and they wouldn't give them to him, so he had to quit school, because he didn't have any shoes... [He was] about fourteen...

I remember playing with Ellsworth [Jeffries]... because he was right next door, and my mother didn't let me go outside the yard. I was a tomboy, I guess, and I had a lot of little trucks... and we'd wind up arguing... Then his mother would come out and make him go
in the house. She would... pull him in the house by his ear, and I used to feel so sorry for him.

I remember going up [to] Bakers and playing. I remember playing up in the alley with the Matthews girl. And the Streeters would come down sometimes. And Dora [(Cook) Baker] would come out sometimes. We'd just play tag and Red Line...

Then I finally got a bicycle when I was—that was when the war was on... when you had to use blackout curtains... and I was out riding my bicycle and the air raid drill came, and I didn't come right home, and I got chewed out for that!... My parents were very kind to me; they didn't beat—didn't believe in beatings... but they could chew you out...

We didn't have a hot water heater... We always heated buckets of water and carried it to the bathroom. My dad, when things were tough... we'd buy coal, but if it come to where the coal was running out... he would go over on the railroad track, and he'd find what they called coke, that was partly burnt coal, and he'd bring that home in sacks full... [We] couldn't buy enough coal to last the whole winter.

Most of the time we all stayed in the kitchen, because that's where that wood stove [was]... and then in the livingroom we had a small pot-bellied stove to begin with, and then later on we got an oil stove in there. But when I was real little, everybody just stayed in the kitchen... [and] did their homework there... We didn't have electricity, so we didn't have radio... I remember the victrola that you wound up... [Electricity was put in] around 1940.

When we went there, the bathroom was in but... in the wintertime, you didn't go up there to take a bath. They used to put [a] washtub in the kitchen. As I say, kitchen was the room... My oldest [brother] he took and heated a teakettle full of water and go up there in a freezing cold bathroom and take a bath... It was just in his head that he had to have that bath every day... The ice would get on the inside of the windows so they looked like frosted glass... You couldn't see through it... That was a cold house...

There's a little shed kitchen built onto [the house].... [We had] a gas stove out there and then the wood stove in the kitchen; always a pot of coffee on the back of the stove. My father liked coffee, and Morn would make it fresh in the morning, and it would sit there, and by the time he'd finish that pot of coffee up, it looked like... used motor oil, I guess, it was so black...

We had quilts... [We] used to take bricks and put [them] in the wood stove in the kitchen and then take them upstairs to warm your bed a little before you got in them... [Bricks] wrapped up in... old pieces of flannel...

The mill owned most of the houses, but we were buying ours. Every Friday evening after supper I would go with my father to pay up at Chestnut Avenue and Powers Street [at] the building and loan. A lot of times, all we could pay was the interest, not the principal, so it took a long time.

[My father] said he started [at the mill] when he was about eight or ten years old... He started out sweeping up. He stayed there just about all of his life...

There was one [strike] there when he worked up [at] Clipper Mill. And [he was one of the] scabs... He had to walk, because he never had a car—could never afford to have a car... [He'd] be at work at 7 o'clock in the morning...

And they'd come along hollering at him and threatening him... Luckily he never got hurt. But he didn't believe in losing your pay to get more money, because he said you didn't win anything that way... He didn't care what they called him... My mother was worried that somebody was going to hurt him, and she tried to get him to stay home, but he would not do it...

Lydia Marston worked at the mill. My dad would help her and other women down the icy bank during winter. He also made snow cleats for the women to put on their shoes. My Dad was very good with his hands. He made me a bunch of kid's furniture when I was little...
He'd go down [to] Jones Falls and take a rope--have on hip boots... go out there and lasso wood that was out in that water, drag it to shore, get it up [to] the house, and cut it up, and have wood to burn... [He got] great big stones out of the Falls down there; they were flat. My brother and him went down to the Falls, got them up the bank onto a wagon, and brought them back up to the house by wagonloads, and made the walk... It goes up to the back gate, and it used to go down to the front gate...

[Mother] worked down in the cafeteria of the mill... I think this was all during the war years... because then they were real busy down there. And she worked down there cooking the food, and then lunchtime serving it, and then cleaning up afterwards. And she was a Maryland cook, and there were so many Southerners that some things they wanted cooked a different way, and that made for some problems, but after they tasted hers they liked it...

We cooked with flour--like fish and so forth, we dipped it in flour; well, they dipped it in cornmeal... She says, "Well, I don't know how to cook it like that; you'll have to get somebody else to come in and do your cooking."... They used to have a nice meal down there for a cheap price for their employees... The bosses would eat there, too...

[Father] had cancer... After he came out of the hospital, they put him on as a watchman, and he worked until my mother died... They both had cancer... But thank the Lord, he didn't live long enough to have to go into the nursing home...

I went to 55 [school]... to the sixth grade... Miss Poole... was real nice. She'd take and really work with you if you had a problem in anything... I think we said the--pledged allegiance to the flag and said the Lord's prayer... Maybe we sang a little song... I only went to the tenth [grade]... And then I dropped out and got married...

We lived [on Pacific Street] until we came over here... [in '84--because I lived over there fifty-two years. My first grandson was brought home to that house from the hospital. Plus, both my brothers lived there for a while with their families--that was before I was married... Seem[s] like families clung more together then, than now. My daughter's in Florida... My nephew, he's gone way up past Westminster. Just seems like they're not as close--don't cling as close as what they did in the olden times...

Koontz Dairy [supplied our milk]... We had this little insulated box that was sitting out by the back door. And my mother was working then... So, they'd come and they'd put the milk in the box, and that would keep it cool... And we'd just put our money to pay for the milk... in an envelope and stick it down in that insulated box.

And in those days, it was fine, because nobody would come in your yard and bother anything. But... seven, eight years ago when I was over there, I used to put my insurance... money on the back door in an envelope, and they got so they were coming and stealing it off of there...

My dad used to go around, and he'd tar roofs... and that would bring him a little bit of extra change, and that was his fishing money...

It just seems like everyone was friendly, that they weren't into each other's business like some people can be. Like, over here... I say "Hi" to [my neighbors], but that's as far as it goes, where, over there [in Stone Hill] it was different ones you could stand out in the yard and talk to, when you'd be out hanging clothes... I liked it over there...